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Laos: New Report, Old Story

The new Senate Foreign Relations Committee staff report on Laos reveals that Washington's involvement in the former secret war there is far deeper, and Vientiane's contribution to its own security is far shallower, than practically anybody outside Laos had believed. The Royal Army is pathetic, lucky to muster 25 men in a battalion of 300, the report indicates, so the Central Intelligence Agency now runs an army of 30,000 Lao irregulars (1971 cost: \$70 million) who do battle against the Communist Pathet Lao and North Vietnamese forces fighting in the north. So many Lao soldiers have died, draft-dodged, deserted or enlisted in the Pathet Lao, however, that the CIA found it necessary to import some 4,000 Thai "volunteers" (\$35 million) to help out.

The American effort in Laos cost \$284 million in fiscal 1971, excluding funds for Thais in Laos and for the immensely expensive bombing campaigns against the Ho Chi Minh Trail in the south and the fighting grounds around the Plain des Jarres in the north. In fiscal 1972 the figure is expected to reach \$374 million. Economic aid is almost half again as large as the total Lao budget. In a country where per capita GNP is estimated at \$66, American spending amounts to \$141 per capita; services rendered include, if you will, the hiring of 24 Filipinos to teach Lao soldiers English. The Lao government, the report says, "continues to be almost totally dependent on the U.S., perhaps more dependent on us than any other government in the world."

And meanwhile, North Vietnamese men and material flow down the Ho Chi Minh Trail into South Vietnam, Pathet Lao and North Vietnamese forces push into the third of the country not yet under their control, and the tiny country suffers the ravages of an immense war. The precise extent to which the situation there is deteriorating is described in the conclusion of the staff report.

Well, what's new? The details are juicy but the thrust of the report is consistent with Mr. Nixon's major statement on Laos of March 6, 1970. He said then that the American purposes in Laos were to save American and allied lives in South Vietnam, by bombing; and to support the "independence and neutrality of Laos as set forth in the 1962 Geneva agreements," by aiding the Laotian government "when requested." Specifying

certain forms of that aid, the President said the United States also was conducting "some other activities." Well, now we know "other activities" included items like 14,000 sorties a month, in January, 1970, and unnumbered B-52 raids, still going on, and up.

Through declassifying the previous secret information in the Senate report, however, the President has in fact respected in good measure his earlier pledge "to give the American people the fullest possible information on our involvement (in Laos), consistent with national security." We cannot recall that any other administration ever disclosed so much about secret and continuing operations of the CIA. Unofficial reports had indicated the existence of a CIA role in Laos but there had been no official confirmation or description of it.

Mr. Nixon has not, of course, told all. In particular, he has not conceded that, as Sen. Fulbright and others suspect, funds for CIA support of Thai "volunteers" in Laos came from a defense money bill which had attached to it a Fulbright amendment banning precisely such subterfuges. If so, this is an outrage, but a predictable outrage. It would be unrealistic to think that an administration bent on prosecuting a secret war could not surmount an obstacle like the Fulbright amendment. "Let's face it," Mr. Symington said, in a secret session of the Senate which took place June 7 and whose proceedings have just been published, "We have been appropriating money for this war in the blind." Exactly so.

Since it is already widely recognized that the American effort in Laos is linked to the larger effort in South Vietnam and could not survive it, we doubt that anyone will be so shocked and outraged as to demand an end to American activities in Laos now. But the essential point should not be lost. By operating in secrecy and, more than that, by building an organization intended to operate in secrecy, the U.S. government provided itself the resources to take steps which—if it had been required to take and explain them in public—it might not have taken at all. When a democracy undertakes a policy built on secrecy, it risks falling into such a swamp that—and this is the ultimate irony—it is finally no longer embarrassed by disclosure. On the contrary, it winds up using it to plead for public understanding and support.

THE WASHINGTON POST.

'Stability' in Pakistan

The resignation of 14 diplomats of Bengali origin from the Pakistani Embassy in Washington and the United Nations mission in New York offers further evidence of the depth and bitterness of the division between the two Pakistans, East and West. The responsible positions the defectors have held in the Pakistani government—they include the economic counselor of the embassy and the Number Two man in the UN mission—refute the charge of Pakistani President Yahya Khan that the Bengali uprising is merely the work of "mischief-mongers, saboteurs and infiltrators." It also casts doubt on his claim that the resistance has been "crushed."

Despite such evidence that Bengali resistance is deep-rooted and spreading, President Nixon insists that the United States should continue economic assistance to West Pakistan in order to preserve President Yahya's "ability to create some stability" in the East.

But Islamabad's current policies cannot bring stability to East Bengal. In trying to impose law and order by force of arms—mostly American arms—instead of through political accommodation, the military regime

is merely fueling the fires of Bengali rebellion. Brutal repressive measures have driven millions of East Pakistanis into exile in India, where their presence is generating economic, social and political problems of unprecedented magnitude.

It may be that a cut-off in American assistance, on which Pakistan is heavily dependent, would not persuade President Yahya to change his tactics. But the administration's continuing support for the Pakistani government has not served to moderate Islamabad's policies either. Rather it has put the United States in the position of subsidizing, and thus seeming to condone, crimes against humanity unequalled since Hitler's time.

America's self-respect as well as its interest in genuine stability on the subcontinent call for the immediate suspension of aid to Pakistan—except for emergency relief to the starving—as required in the foreign aid bill passed by the House this week. There is no need to wait for the Senate's return from recess next month before ending this unconscionable support for repression.

THE NEW YORK TIMES.

International Opinion

Is Nixon Packing?

Is President Nixon already packing up secretly for the grand trip to Peking? The rumor in any case has been spreading insistently for the last 48 hours in certain Republican congressional circles known for their close connections with the White House.

Some members of the Republican hierarchy in Congress now say openly that Mr. Nixon would have every interest in not deferring too long the materialization of his plan. The more he waits, the more difficult it will be for him to keep silent and not to explain his designs to American public opinion and to the allies of the United States, anxious to be informed about the

meaning and scope of his change of policy, they point out.

—From Le Figaro (Paris).

The U.S. and the Chinas

Much of Mr. Rogers' argument turned on that other Chinese government represented in the UN. The change must mean a gradual shift in American thinking from de jure recognition of the so-called Republic of China in Taiwan to de facto recognition, since the argument for having both governments represented in the UN is a de facto one. If it is not the intention of the Americans to vote for the motion expelling Taiwan, then they must hope that both governments will agree to co-exist, since Mr. Rogers assured them that by so doing neither need prejudice the claims of the other.

—From the Times (London).

In the International Edition

Seventy-Five Years Ago

August 7, 1896
CANEA—The Muslim refugees have entered Candia, in Crete, in large numbers. It was found impossible to keep them outside the gates, as they were starving. This has caused a certain amount of anxiety among the Christians, who are leaving in considerable numbers, all possible facilities for doing so being granted them. Many are going this morning by a special boat bound for the Piraeus. Hassan Pasha, Governor of Candia, has called for a commission to provide for the feeding and housing of refugees, who are in a miserable condition.

Fifty Years Ago

August 7, 1921
NEW YORK—Death by electrocution was the fate of a young woman trying to escape the anger of a taxi-driver who was dissatisfied with the fare she had given him. The young woman alighted from the cab at the entrance to an uptown tube station, paid the driver and turned away. The man objected to the sum he received, swore at the young woman and threatened to strike her unless she added to the fare. She dashed down the steps of the tube station with the taxi-driver at her heels, and somehow ran over the edge of the platform onto a rail, and was instantly killed.



'Just Keep Pouring—If I'm Going to Get Polluted, I Might as Well Do It Myself.'

Letters From China: IV

By James Reston

TIENTSIN, China.—You hear a lot about Chinese theory of "people's war" and "protracted war" these days but what does it all mean?

Well, frankly, we don't know and the Chinese won't tell, but the 196th Infantry Division of the People's Liberation Army operates out of a flat agricultural plain at the village of Yang Chun, and for the first time since the Cultural Revolution of 1966-69, it is now open to invited guests. One thing is sure: That old country boy from Wisconsin, Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird, never saw a base like this. It does all the routine stuff—basic training, discipline, marksmanship, and particularly the techniques of guerrilla warfare—but in addition, it is a political school, a vast farm, producing its own fodder, a pharmaceutical factory, and a machine shop, making tools, spare parts and repairing weapons and vehicles.

In short, it concentrates on political motivation, integration with the peasants and their work, simple weapons that can be carried quickly from one place to another, and self-reliance and self-sufficiency.

Defense of Peking

We were received at division headquarters by the deputy commander, Keng Yu-chi, who explained that the main purpose of his command was to help defend the capital at Peking. His division had been formed in 1957 during the early part of the anti-Japanese war, he said, and since that time, "under the guidance of Chairman Mao," had killed 38,000 Japanese, Chiang Kai-shek "traitors," and American imperialists in the Korean war. All this very politely.

His division, he explained, had three principles and three main tasks. The principles were to maintain unity between his officers and men, with each group teaching the other, to develop a common purpose between his division and the civilian population, and to disintegrate the enemy (undefined).

His three main tasks, he continued, were to develop his division into a fighting force, a work force in the fields and factories, and a production and political force.

His division numbered "over 10,000 men," plus their dependents who helped run the farms and factories, schools, and nurseries of his command.

Barracks Clean

The barracks in the plain red brick buildings were immaculately clean with double-decker bunks fitted with mosquito netting. At the end of each row of beds were neatly composed company "newspapers" composed of letters of gratitude to Chairman Mao. Each man had his bottle roll on his bed for instant action, and automatic rifle, carbine and machine guns were racked neatly at a clear space beyond each double row of 16 beds.

After a tour of the pig pens, rice paddies, and pharmaceutical sheds, we were shown how the pig brushes were used to make brushes to clean the rifle barrels, taken to the machine shops and then given or offered a lunch of wine, wao tai (a clear distillation of sorghum and dynamite) and

enough food to paralyze a regiment.

In the afternoon, the division produced a concert and series of propaganda skills, remarkably good and even amusing, after which we were taken to a vast artillery range where 3 Company put on a demonstration of marksmanship by rifle, automatic and machine-gun fire, anti-aircraft, mortar, anti-tank and rocket fire, man-to-man combat and house-to-house guerrilla tactics. It was an impressive performance. But people, the deputy commander insisted, were more important than weapons. Any enemy invading China would be "drowned in oceans of people," he added, and did we have any comment?

Avoiding Argument

We said we had come to China to report and not to argue and suggested that things were changing in the world and America was looking now to the future and to peace and understanding in the Pacific. This proved to be a disastrous gesture.

The past could not be forgotten, the deputy commander insisted. The main trend in the world was against the U.S. imperialists and all their running dogs. All nations wanted independence and

liberation, all peoples wanted revolution and this was the irresistible trend of history.

China was friendly toward all peoples, he concluded, but imperialist and reactionary governments "never change," so the danger of a new world war still exists. "Nixon," as he called the President, must get out of Taiwan and Vietnam and give China its rightful place in the United Nations.

He continued in this vein until an official of the Foreign Office intervened to say the sun was going down and we had to get back to Peking. The Chinese people and the American people were friends, he said, but the American government was something else. It said it wanted to normalize relations with the People's Republic of China, but Secretary Rogers had suggested a two-China formula for the United Nations, which was "a new brand with the same old stuff."

We went back to Peking a little sad, thinking about memory. Maybe we have to learn to forget, we said as we left. How could we forget the past, the chief of staff asked—forget the Japanese, forget Korea, forget Taiwan? We would like to ask Nixon to think about that.

The Line Forms on the Left

By Dan Morgan

BUCHAREST.—In a canned-goods store in the Transylvanian city of Brasov, a handwritten placard reads: "Consumers, you will economize on time if you avoid the crowds."

A long queue waited stolidly at the checkout counter of the store, located in the shopping center of a new housing development.

When the customers had passed through after about 15 minutes, they went to the next store, specializing in cheese and sausage, where the lines were only slightly shorter. Bread was sold at another store in the same complex, milk at another and vegetables and eggs at still another.

The lot of the Romanian consumer, one year after devastating floods set back the economy, is often a difficult one, and in the last few months President Nicolae Ceausescu's regime has made clear that there will be no increased priority for at least four more years in the direction of consumer goods.

In that respect, Romania seems to be bucking the trend toward consumerism that has swept Eastern Europe since Poland's December riots.

Fresh meat and fresh fruit, which Romania's rich agriculture produces in reasonable abundance, are hard to find. The bulk of these goods appear to be going elsewhere, probably to such hard-currency countries as West Germany and Italy.

Romanian shoppers attest to the fact that the availability of consumer goods has fallen off in the last 15 months, the period when the economy felt the effects of poor harvests in 1968 and 1969 and the 1970 floods.

Red Meat Scarce

Salami, cheese, frozen fish and pre-cooked pork are plentiful but a butcher shop with cuts of red meat is hard to find.

On a recent Saturday at the open-air market in downtown Bucharest, a line of about 40 per-

sons formed to buy live chickens. Neither fresh fruit nor meat was in evidence, though peaches and pears appeared on some stalls the following week.

A Western diplomat who does his shopping at Bucharest's diplomatic store, which is well stocked with products not always available on the local market, said his Romanian maid had refused to believe that the peaches he obtained there were grown domestically.

In Timisoara, provincial center of the western Banat region, a tourist received several offers on the street for an ordinary striped jersey.

Romania, with the same population (just over 20 million) and nearly twice as large a gross national product (an estimated \$21 billion) as Yugoslavia, nevertheless has none of the mercantile look of its consumer-oriented neighbor to the west.

Few would dispute that Romanians are better off than ever before in their history. Real per-capita income increased by 28 percent in the last five years. Romanian shoppers can purchase such "luxuries" as instant coffee refined in Israel. But the increasing development has brought increased aspirations as well.

Last November, Ceausescu said in a speech to the National Assembly that planners should concentrate more on the needs of

The Oz Case Sentences An Object All Sublime

By Anthony Lewis

LONDON.—Philip Toynbee, the English critic, was writing in the Observer of London some years ago about "The Naked Lunch" and another book by William Burroughs. He was troubled at finding himself on the side of the Philistines.

"When I was young," he said, "purple-faced literary men were breaking furniture in the Savile and Savage Clubs because they were so outraged by the atrocious, probable nonsense which Mr. T. S. Eliot was throwing in the face of the public. I must have vowed to myself that I would never be like them."

"As I type this article my face is pale, compassionate, shrewd and subtle—not at all like theirs. In a calm voice, not a tremor to be heard, I pronounce that the two books by Mr. Burroughs are boring rubbish."

The instinctive libertarian finds himself in a position something like Mr. Toynbee's in the great free-speech case now arousing Britain. That is the case of *Oz*, an underground paper, three of whose editors have just been sentenced to jail terms on obscenity charges.

Liberal passions are flowing on behalf of *Oz*. In the magazine *New Society*, Colin MacInnes says the obscenity conviction "runs contrary to centuries of folk wisdom." He mentions the tradition of obscene folk songs and nursery rhymes. He speaks of Shakespeare, Swift, Burns.

To paraphrase Toynbee, that is unredemptive rubbish. Anyone who can condemn the robust sexuality of, say, Robert Burns's "Mosses of Calton" and the sickly wilderness of *Oz* should be in some other line of work than literary criticism.

Sadism as a Theme

The issue of *Oz* was the subject of the prosecution emphasized sexual sadism and perversion in crude cartoons and fuzzy photographs. The text advocated youthful drug experimentation and gave tendentious accounts of "revolution" at school. It was labeled a "school kids issue."

My own view is that nastiness should not be censurable, as such, any more than candid sexuality. But the one place that virtually everyone who has considered the problem is willing to draw the line is at material for children. That view reflects a societal judgment, supported by such psychological findings as we have, that children can easily be frightened and their attitudes toward adult sex injured in a lasting and serious way.

Another argument on behalf of *Oz* is an essentially political one. The real obscenity of our civilization, it goes, lies not in sex but in rampant materialism.

Letters

Pakistan's Tragedy

Isn't there one sensible and courageous man in this world who can put some sense and rationality in the heads of Pakistan's military rulers? Over a million dead could not quench their blood-thirst. More than 7 million destitute human beings could not satisfy their game with

destiny. They made a mock of popular elections and no democratic right. They wrecked the country's economy, brought famine and epidemic to the Eastern wing. By resort to a foolish show of strength in East Pakistan a bit situation where even the devoted Pakistan has no opt but to fight for independence from the minority Western wing. The most tragic but not known fact raging between the two wings of Pakistan is a Pakistan never know how to born the Bengalis are and is galls never knew how to be and ruthless the Punjabis to be.

TRIPOLI, Libya.

Lopez Bravo to UN

The question of Mr. U. Thant successor is crucial to the fate of the United Nations. A personality is needed of the high caliber and universal acceptability. As an American, I am willing to suggest that the one person who fulfills these criteria is Senator Lopez Bravo, at present the foreign minister of Spain who could doubtless be persuaded to accept the highest post. Of whom else, his stature, age and experience can it be said that it is virtually certain he would be accepted in Washington, Moscow, London and Peking?

JOHN PAUL FARRE

Madrid.

Rogers' Discovery

Secretary of State Rogers's China belongs in the UN cause. It represents about a fourth of the people on the surface of the earth (in Aug. 3). A fact which only mindless, limitless anti-Chinese could not have seen for 20 years.

DAVID MANDEL

London.

There Must Be a Problem?

Negro Leader Leaves Russia Without Seeing Jewish Area

By Bernard Gwertzman

MOSCOW, Aug. 6 (NYT).—Dr. Thomas W. Matthews cut short his "goodwill trip" to the Soviet Union and left today for London, protesting the Soviet refusal to let him see the Jewish Autonomous Region as part of a fact-finding mission on the status of Soviet Jews.

At a news conference at the Ustyn Hotel, Dr. Matthews said that his departure late this afternoon—four days ahead of time—was a symbol that all is not well in the U.S.S.R. as far as Jews are concerned.

Dr. Matthews had led a 20-man delegation from NEGRO—an acronym for the National Economic Growth and Reconstruction Organization—here July 23 for what was supposed to be an 18-day trip in which the group would, among other things, make a report on how Soviet Jews lived.

The Jewish aspect of the trip derived from a loose alliance Dr. Matthews had made between his self-help group and Rabbi Meir Kahane, head of the militant Jewish Defense League. Dr. Matthews, a neurosurgeon, said that he was told almost the day he arrived that one area "must be visited" is Birobidjan, capital of the Jewish Autonomous Region, in the Soviet Far East, which was conceived in the early 1930s as a Zionist sanctuary, but which never attracted many Jewish emigrants. At present, it is "Jewish" only in name, since only about 15 percent of the local population is Jewish.

But his request to go there was never approved, and the longer he failed to get a positive answer, the more angry Dr. Matthews became with the Soviet Union.

His consistent line was that Soviet officials told him that Soviet Jews live very well and with no discrimination. But he would add that he needed "proof" of this, and lacking such proof he could not accept the Soviet statements.

His consistent line was that Soviet officials told him that Soviet Jews live very well and with no discrimination. But he would add that he needed "proof" of this, and lacking such proof he could not accept the Soviet statements.

Kahane, 20 Aides Stage Sit-In at Kennedy's Office

WASHINGTON, Aug. 6 (AP).—Rabbi Meir Kahane, national chairman of the Jewish Defense League, and about 20 followers staged a sit-in yesterday in Sen. Edward M. Kennedy's office to demand that the senator take a stronger stand on alleged repression of Russian Jews.

Sen. Kennedy, D., Mass., remained on the Senate floor for approximately four hours after the demonstration began but finally returned to his office and engaged in a friendly debate with Rabbi Kahane.

Rabbi Kahane said that he intended Sen. Kennedy to introduce legislation calling for economic sanctions against the Soviet Union, ask the Commerce Department to stop issuing trade licenses for the Russians and appeal to Soviet leaders on behalf of five Soviet Jews about to go to trial in Russia.

Sen. Kennedy agreed to the last demand, said that he would think about contacting the Commerce Department and rejected the idea of legislative sanctions.

Russia, U.S. Agree On Joint Projects In Space Research

MOSCOW, Aug. 6 (UPI).—A joint Soviet-American space program has been completed five days of meetings in Moscow and adopted a number of unannounced recommendations for Soviet-American space cooperation, the U.S. Embassy announced today.

The working groups represented the U.S. National Aeronautics and Space Administration and the Soviet Academy of Sciences.

"These are pursuant to an agreement negotiated between NASA and the Soviet Academy in January."

They developed recommendations for joint projects and exchanges in near-earth space research, investigation of the moon and the planets, development of space meteorology and space applications relating to natural environment, an embassy statement said.

To Impress Public, Tory Regime

Glydebank Yard Occupiers Earn Record Work Bonuses

GLYDEBANK, Scotland, Aug. 6 (AP).—Record bonuses for high output were paid 2,800 rebellious workers today at the end of the week of their "work-in" occupation of the stricken Clydebank shipyard in a "quiet revolution."

"All departments of the company are functioning normally and wages are being paid from the U.S. Treasury's office."

The workers seized the Clydebank yard, a unit of the Upper Clyde Shipbuilders Consortium, at 10:30 a.m. last Friday in a bid to save their jobs from a government shutdown order.

The union's first ensuing campaign stated: "The workers hereby take over this yard. You will now take orders from the ship stewards only." It was sent to management and security guards of Clydebank.

The takeover was organized and led by two avowed Communists, John Little and James Reid, but backed by the 30 churches of all denominations along the Clyde River, civic organizations and was hailed by Glasgow's Conservative Party, Labour, and other Scottish dignitaries.

An estimated 6,000 of the 8,500 employees of Upper Clyde Shipbuilders—UCS—are slated to lose their jobs because of the shutdown order.

The first 400 men are due to be laid off next week, although the shipyard has not yet named them.

But much more than the 6,000 UCS jobs is at stake. The jobs of 10,000 other workers, in firms supplying UCS, are directly threatened. And this town of 50,000 lives entirely from the Glasgow Shipbuilding Machine Works and the Clydebank yard.

Clydebank, the town, already has 3,054 unemployed, 15 percent of the working population, compared with a United Kingdom national rate of 3.5 percent.

The UCS Consortium was formed in 1967 from three sickly yards and a steel mill farther down the Clyde River. The firms were in financial trouble for years and the new consortium took over all their debts. Soon

SALT Conference Hold Eighth Session

HELSINKI, Aug. 6 (Reuters).—American and Soviet delegations to the Strategic Arms Limitations Talks today held their eighth plenary session of the current phase at the U.S. Embassy here.

Today's session lasted two hours and 15 minutes but conference sources declined to give any details.

Tories End Support

The Conservative government refused last month and U.S. went into receivership. The receiver appointed by the government soon announced his intention of axing two of the shipyards, Clydebank and Scotstoun, and drastically paring the staffs of the Govan yard and the Linthouse steel mill. Scotstoun, Govan and Linthouse reopen on Monday after their annual vacations.

The men have been working hard during the week of occupation and the productivity bonus, which is based on the rate of output, has gone up to fourpence—9.5 cents—per hour per man, the highest level since the system was introduced in 1967.

Mr. Reid said the shop stewards were seeking a "visible psychological impact" on the people of Britain to force the government to "think again."



The 46-foot Beaver, which allegedly carried 1,800 pounds of hashish from Morocco for sale in New York City, is shown at boat basin in the Hudson yesterday.

Visit to India By Gromyko Is Announced

NEW DELHI, Aug. 6 (Reuters).—Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko will arrive here on Sunday for talks with Indian leaders on the East Pakistan crisis.

The visit, announced first by the Soviet news agency, Tass in Moscow, is expected to last three or four days during which Mr. Gromyko will see Prime Minister Indira Gandhi and Foreign Minister Swaran Singh.

Officials said that final details of his program were still being worked out—indicating the sudden nature of the visit. It is seen here mainly as a gesture of support for India in its stand on East Pakistan, particularly in the light of what India regards as outright American and Chinese backing for the government in Islamabad.

Mr. Singh told Parliament last month that India would have to be watchful that any Sino-American détente did not affect its own interests. The projected Nixon visit to Peking is certain to be on the agenda for Mr. Gromyko's talks here.

Speculation Rejected

The officials rejected speculation that the Soviet minister was coming to urge restraint on India in its reactions to East Pakistan and the flood of refugees across the border.

It will be Mr. Gromyko's first visit to India since a brief stay here in 1969. It was arranged after a flight to Moscow last Tuesday by D.P. Dhar, India's ambassador to the Soviet Union.

Soviet-Indian collaboration has increased in the last 15 years in the political, economic and military fields. The Soviet Union is now the largest supplier of military equipment to India and Foreign Ministry sources stressed this cooperation today.

But they declined to give any specific reason for the visit. An invitation had first been made two years ago and renewed when Mr. Singh was in Moscow to explain India's stand on Bangladesh in June, they said.

2 NATO Officials To See Mintoff

VALLETTA, Malta, Aug. 6 (AP).—Two senior NATO officials had arrived in Malta and are expected to meet Prime Minister Dom Mintoff tonight.

They are George Kastel Anow, acting secretary-general, and Paul Van Campen, NATO's special political adviser in the protocol directorate.

They are in Malta at Mr. Mintoff's request and are expected to present him with NATO's counter offer in answer to his request for an increased rental fee for the continued use of Malta's military facilities.

Briton Sailed in From Morocco N.Y. Police Say Yacht Sold 1,730 Lbs. of Hashish at Pier

NEW YORK, Aug. 6 (NYT).—A 38-year-old Englishman was held here in lieu of \$200,000 bail yesterday on charges that he sailed a yacht with 1,800 pounds of hashish from Morocco to New York.

Federal agents said the suspect and three others had docked the 46-foot-long yacht, Beaver, at a Hudson River boat basin, where they allegedly sold most of the hashish to bulk purchasers who were said to have carried it ashore like sacks of potatoes.

The smuggled hashish, considered a highly concentrated form of marijuana, had a street value of \$3.5 million, an assistant U.S. attorney, John M. Walker Jr., said at the suspect's arraignment in federal court.

Mr. Walker said the suspect, Hamilton Bryce, of London, first tried to bribe the arresting agents with \$60,000, then tried to escape after his arrest aboard the yacht late Wednesday.

Special customs agents said another Englishman, identified as Mark Saunders, about 40, had helped sail the yacht and sell the hashish, but they said that he had flown to Switzerland Tuesday night with about \$800,000.

They said that the suspects had sailed into New York Harbor last Friday, docked at the Hudson River boat basin and had sold all but 70 pounds of the 1,800 pounds of hashish between Sunday and Wednesday.

Mr. Bryce, who described himself as a film-script editor, was allegedly preparing to sell the remaining 70 pounds when the agents arrested him.

Typhoon Olive Lashes Korea, Killing 26; Japan Toll Rises

SEOUL, Aug. 6 (Reuters).—At least 26 persons were known dead and two others were missing today in the wake of Typhoon Olive, which hit the east coast of Korea last night causing landslides, flooding and tidal waves.

The typhoon also was feared to have killed up to 89 persons in Japan when it hit the southern part of that country two days ago.

Estimates yesterday had put the dead in Japan at 35.

In Seoul, newspaper reports said that in addition to the official Korean death toll, 76 fishermen in eight boats out at sea when the typhoon hit had not returned to port by today.

A South Korean freighter with 12 crewmen on board was reported missing off Pusan.

The weather began to improve this afternoon after the tropical storm, packing winds of up to 70 miles an hour moved off into the eastern Sea of Korea.

Police said more than 3,000 persons were made homeless in Kangwon and Kyongsang provinces along the east coast.

The areas hit hardest by the storm were around Kangnung, 100 miles east of Seoul, and Samchok, 50 miles to the south, where 18 persons, including a family of five, were killed in landslides. Eighteen inches of rain fell in the Samchok area.

Meanwhile, at Asagiri Heights, at the foot of Japan's Mount Fuji, some 23,000 Scouts from 83 countries today abandoned the storm-swept site of the 13th World Scout Jamboree.

The site has been battered for three days by rain and gale-force winds which accompanied Typhoon Olive.

The Scouts were being moved into Buddhist temples, schools and military bases in the area after their own camp was turned into a sea of mud.

Yugoslav Aides Welcome World Marian Congress

ZAGREB, Yugoslavia, Aug. 6 (UPI).—The sixth mariological congress of the Roman Catholic Church opened here today with the approval of local Communist authorities.

"I wish you success in your work here," Zagreb Deputy Mayor Ivo Vrhovec told more than 100 theologians from 22 nations gathered at the Zagreb Theological University to discuss the church's devotion to the Virgin Mary. "I hope all of you enjoy Zagreb."

The congress—the first major international Catholic meeting in a Communist country—will continue until Thursday and will be followed by a pilgrimage to the Basilica of the Virgin in Marija Bistrica, a village near here.

The congress was officially opened by the Rev. Karlo Balic, a Yugoslav-born priest who is the president of the International Marian Pontifical Academy in Rome. Father Balic, speaking in Latin, told the audience that the congress will discuss "worship of the Virgin Mary from the 6th to the 11th century."

Nixon in New England

MANCHESTER, N.H., Aug. 6 (Reuters).—President Nixon was greeted enthusiastically by several thousand persons when he flew here today to visit a nursing home in nearby Nashua. He was then to fly to the Maine coast for two days of rest before returning to Washington.

Four Britons Called Spies By Izvestia

No Official Charges; London Issues Denial

MOSCOW, Aug. 6 (Reuters).—The Soviet newspaper Izvestia today accused the British naval attaché here and three associates of spying. It charged they had attempted to gather illegal intelligence on Russian military and industrial activities.

Izvestia asked whether the time had not come to consider the question of reducing the staff of the attaché offices at the British Embassy and restricting their movements in the Soviet Union.

The four diplomats named in the article are naval attaché Capt. Henry Ellis, assistant naval attaché Lt. Comdr. John Dykes, Lt. Comdr. Anthony Wolstenholme, and Chief Fleet Petty Officer Derek Leonard, an official of the attaché's office.

In London, British officials described the Izvestia story as a series of fanciful allegations which they said appeared to be a clumsy attempt to distract attention from the misbehavior of Soviet officials in Britain.

A Foreign Office spokesman said no official complaints had been received by the Moscow embassy about the people named by Izvestia.

Izvestia said they had gathered information on Soviet shipyards, coastal patrols, docks, anti-aircraft defenses and the location of airfields.

Chief Petty Officer Leonard—who left here for a new post last June—was accused of cultivating a friendship with a Leningrad armaments engineer and trying to involve him in subversive espionage activity.

The contact, named only as "Citizen K," had reported the British official's "unusually active" in an indignant letter, Izvestia alleged.

The accusations came a few days after British press reports that British Foreign Secretary Sir Alec Douglas-Home had expressed concern to the Soviet ambassador over the activities of Soviet diplomats in London.

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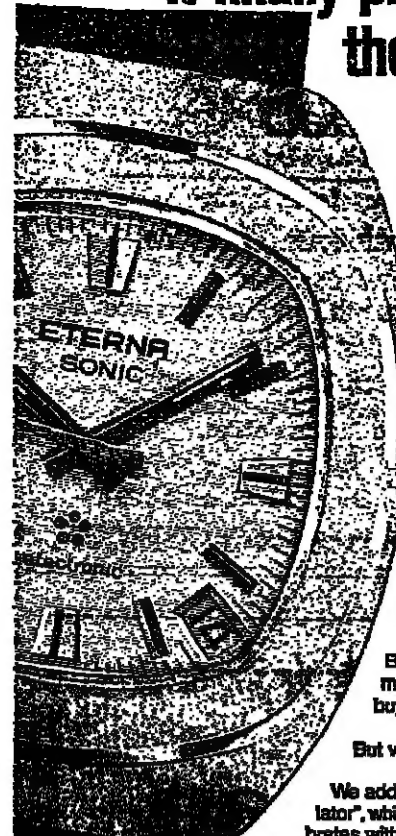
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EMILY GENAUER: A Critic Taking Critical Looks at a Critic

NEW YORK—One of the country's best-known art critics said to me a couple of years ago (we were in Leningrad's Hermitage Museum, and since I'd been there before, I hurried him forthwith to what is among my favorite pictures in all the world, Rembrandt's "Danae"). "The trouble with you is that you look at pictures too much. You should look at them less, and think about them more."

The incident came to my mind the other day on reading Harold Rosenberg's latest New Yorker essay, this one on the state of art and art criticism today. Rosenberg is still thinking about art but not bothering to look at it very much, precisely as he said I ought to do that day in Russia.

His piece is written in response to a young artist inviting him to his studio "to come and look." Rosenberg declines, saying that "judgments of this sort are no longer, it seems to me, of much consequence.... Not only have the qualities of art objects become increasingly irrelevant in judging art, but the objects themselves are losing their importance. Beauty, skill, touch... count very little in works of art. The artist today is primarily a maker not of objects but of a public image.... The critic has a theory about where art is going and a conviction, at times fraught with moral intensity, about where it ought to go; to him, the merit of a work lies in the historical tendency it represents..."

Seductive

Now Harold Rosenberg is both a seductive talker and writer. In Leningrad, I was stunned at first by his suggestion that an art critic could ever look too much, or that thinking about art could have any validity if it didn't proceed from long looking. But after long thinking, I conceded that his idea might in truth have some substance. What a critic sees in an individual work might be no more meaningful per se than how he fits it into a larger picture of developing ideas and

forces as he apprehends them from viewing many works.

His was, I recognized, precisely the position taken by Baudelaire, whose writings on art are counted by some scholars as more significant than his poetry, and about whom Rosenberg has written and lectured. It was Baudelaire who once boasted that he wrote a four-installment review of the Salon of 1859 for *Revue Francaise* without having seen it, although he admitted a few days later that he had been to the exhibit once. Baudelaire also wrote that "to justify its existence, criticism should be partial, passionate and political, that is to say, written from an exclusive point of view." He went on to say: "The duty of criticism should be to seek to penetrate deep into the temperament and activating motives of each artist, rather than to attempt to analyze each work minutely."

Progressive

That a critic as progressive as Rosenberg is considered should subscribe so thoroughly to an elitist mid-19th century critical position is what shocked me most. New York in the '70s is not Paris more than a hundred years ago, in the complexity and intensity of its art life, in the public's broad and intense interest in that life, and in the function of critics serving that broad public. I'm certain, for instance, that it would not look to me for a dissertation on Rembrandt's temperament, but rather for an analysis of how, in painting his version of the myth in which Jupiter visits the naked Danae, he handled the light so that it envelops, caresses and penetrates every bit of that golden body.

In the case of a poet like Baudelaire, his comments afford such rewarding and provocative insights into his own art as to have value despite his intensely personal commitments to a restricted field of observation and point of view, his cavalier brush-off of works not falling within that field, and his many wrong judgments. Baudelaire, for example, was mad for Delacroix, but Courbet and Manet he hardly bothered to look at. Of Ingres he remarked that "as he has not progressed, he will not grow old." The list of minor and deservedly obscure artists he praised extravagantly is long. I'm not yet aware, however, that there is among all art critics writing to-



Emily Genauer urging Harold Rosenberg, art critic of The New Yorker, to look at Rembrandt's painting "Danae" in the Hermitage Museum in Leningrad. "The trouble with you," said Mr. Rosenberg, "is that you look at pictures too much."

day one poet with Baudelaire's gifts. No matter, if Rosenberg doesn't choose to mount the reviewing stand from which he can carefully examine each unit in the art parade as it goes by, preferring to get right down into the parade leading and beating the drum for his own unit, that's his affair. If, on the other hand, I doubt that a picture I or any other critic can offer of developing art ideas and forces can have credibility unless based on careful examination of as many individual works as possible, that's mine.

The trouble is that Rosenberg's latest piece in the New Yorker carries his thesis further, to the point where it may not only reflect but can also intensify an outrageous and greatly harmful art world situation that does indeed exist. That is why I bring it up for consideration here. One again it is his seductive approach that makes his essay potentially dangerous.

The 20th-century hipp he adds to his 19th-century point of view

is almost certain to do the wrong thing... The critic's role is to steer him in the proper direction and advise changes in his technique and subject matter that will coordinate his efforts with the forces of development... The surviving artist would be the one who has been lucky enough to pick the winning critic.

First Reading

On first reading, his article seems a sardonic put-down of a situation where, as he describes it, artists today have become makers not of objects but of their public image, and where the critics who have brought about this new concept of artist-performer now cast themselves as impresarios who go a step further. They "formulate historically valid projects for artists to carry out," thus becoming, he says, partners, collaborators and finally rivals for a place in art history.

But on rereading the essay I'm not at all sure that Rosenberg is really deploring this recent turn of events at all. He admits there is "cynicism"—his own word—in the position of an art historian he quotes as saying that "left to himself, the artist

is almost certain to do the wrong thing... The critic's role is to steer him in the proper direction and advise changes in his technique and subject matter that will coordinate his efforts with the forces of development... The surviving artist would be the one who has been lucky enough to pick the winning critic.

In view of the great space he gives to a careful, expository appraisal of a situation he would seem to be disapproving, and the remarkable coyness—his own word is best—with which he treats the "logic" behind it, his one-line disclaimer that "my own view is that art should be left to artists" comes as not altogether convincing.

It will be even less so to those who remember his own close and continuing identification with action painting (Jackson Pollock and Company) back in the '50s, to the point where artists who didn't get in line behind him and a few other critic-impresarios were virtually relegated to the dust heap. There will also be readers who are aware of his sharp critical disapproval of most of the op. pop and minimal art which followed action painting, and displaced it. To them his final paragraph, in which he refers to the "art-world comedy," and remarks that "the older artist, whose shape has been

defined, has the advantage over the newcomer," may therefore seem a puddle of crocodile tears.

Position

The fact is that his essential position differs very little from that of the newer, younger critics who are themselves still mired in the 19th century, although they read the "forces of development" as leading ineluctably to op. pop, minimal art, or whatever, and have formed their own factions with which artists had better ally themselves—or die. In the words of one of the new critics, "It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the art of our time simply couldn't exist without the effort of the critics who review group or retrospective exhibitions almost solely in terms of selectivity displayed by the person responsible for the show, while paying little or no attention to the merit of the individual artworks of artists included."

Art today has become too important to too many people—and its support with public funds has become too expensive—for it to be treated as no more than an ego trip for a handful of critics concerned with their present power and their future role in history and arbitrarily deciding which course it must take.

Fortunately there are some critics who see themselves not as frustrated creators, artists or writers, but as professional journalists who have chosen the arts as their special area for study because they find them more absorbing and meaningful than, say, politics.

Their contribution, as they see it, is not to direct artists, and in so doing, enhance their own image as power brokers (and don't think this is farfetched: a few critics have been the force behind many of the country's museum exhibition programs for some years). It is to constantly and carefully to examine new and old art alike for fresh insights into creativity; to communicate these to the general public, and to make their criticism a social document; to check for themselves.

I aim to belong to their company. And if we take any part for our mentor, it's not Baudelaire but T.S. Eliot, who spelled out the critic's function in these words: "The critic is one whom I'm most grateful to see, one who can make me look at something I have never seen before, set me face to face with it, and leave me alone with it. From that point I must rely on my own sensibility, intelligence and capacity for wisdom."

Around the London Art Galleries

Edward Burra, Nicholas Treadwell Gallery, 38 Chiltern St., London W. 1, to Aug. 14.

Burra, long known as a watercolorist of power and imagination, shows himself here in a different guise. Nine woodblocks, dating from 1928 and 1929, were recently found in his studio, and a limited edition of 45 prints has been made from each block; the blocks themselves are in the permanent collection of the Tate Gallery. The subjects are not as grotesque as those in Burra's later work, but the lowlife drawings and paintings are argued in "Two at the Bar" and the strange collection of disparate objects found in "Nude on a Chair."

John Randall, Upper Grosvenor Galleries, 19 Upper Grosvenor St., London W. 1, to Aug. 14. English-born and trained, John Randall now lives in Mallorca. This is his first one-man show in England, although he has had several in Spain. He works in

watercolor, liquid in appearance and rich in texture, an admirable medium for his subjects: the variable landscape of the Balearics and the furs and feathers of small birds and animals. Especially pleasing are the cloudy "San Juan," the symphony in gray and yellow-olive "Sa Torre" and the dormouse and the vervet monkey.

Alan Sonfist, Institute of Contemporary Art, Nash House Gallery, The Mall, London S.W. 1, to Aug. 31. Closed Mondays.

It could be argued that Sonfist, a fellow at the Center for Advanced Visual Studies at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is not an artist at all. Nature and natural phenomena provide him with his exhibits: small fish in a tank who take on a schooling pattern under the influence of certain sounds and lights; heat prints on metal surfaces; moulds growing

on canvas; enclosures in which crystals are growing and changing; a parcel of earth in which worms are carrying on ordered lives. Although they are infinitely more interesting than most objects showing in orthodox galleries, these natural objects can scarcely be called art or the selector an artist.

Michael d'Aguiar, New Grafton Gallery, 15 Grafton St., London, W. 1, to Sept. 9.

Michael d'Aguiar, partly Spanish in origin and born and educated in England, finds the landscape of France between the Garonne and Lot rivers his chief inspiration. The result is landscape painting in the French tradition of Corot and the Impressionists, sometimes tempered by English phlegm and sometimes injected with an Iberian fire. The best of his landscapes are those in which he gives himself free rein; these are mostly of Lauzet, Tournon and Montaigne-de-Quercy.

On view in the upper gallery is part two of the summer exhibition, "Artists of Today and Tomorrow." The three most notable works were a watercolor drawing of a man by Elisabeth Frink, David Boyd's smoky and turbulent "Solo Stripper" and "Red Tractor" by Josef Herman.

Masters of the 20th Century, Marlborough Fine Art, 5 Albemarle St., 79 Old Bond St., London W. 1, until fall.

Marlborough has mounted a selection of the work of artists for which it has become famous to celebrate the extension and opening of a new suite of galleries. The show includes work by Bacon, Motherwell, Moore, Eakins, Dubuffet, Picasso, Lipchitz, De Kooning and Chagall among the living and Nolde, Klee, Rodin, Vlaminck, Signac, Braque, Mallou and Soutine. The exhibition is also a celebration of Marlborough's first quarter century in the art world.

—MAX WYKES-JOYCE

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Letter by Nixon Is Sold for \$300

NEW YORK, Aug. 6 (AP)—A congratulatory letter from President Nixon to a UCLA physics professor was bought in auction here last night for \$300. It was said to be the first presidential letter signed by Mr. Nixon ever offered for sale. The Nixon letter congratulating Dr. Joseph Kaplan for his 42 years as physics professor at the University of California at Los Angeles begins "Dear Joe" and is signed "R.N." The letter was purchased from the Charles Hamilton Galleries by Maury Bromsen, a Boston art dealer.

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Avignon Festival

A 13th-Century Hit
—'Robin and Marion'

By David Stevens

AVIGNON, France (UPI)—As in recent years, the Avignon Festival and French Radio and Television are again laboring mightily here in behalf of contemporary music theater, yet the one exception of this year's festival-ORFÈVE collaboration has been a piece conceived in the 13th century and brought vividly and disarmingly to life for a 20th-century audience.

"Le Jeu de Robin et Marion," written by the troubadour Adam de la Halle, tells a simple story of a conflict between a nobleman and a group of peasants, a conflict with motivations similar to those that oppose Don Giovanni to Masetto and his friends. Marion repulses the attentions of the knight, with some heroic aid from her beloved Robin and his friends. After the danger is past, the rustic starts playing games and the "jeu" develops into a country fête.

The musical "realization" by Charles Ravier, founder and director of the ORFÈVE Ensemble phonétique, involved the use of 13th-century music arranged for the voices and old instruments of his ensemble. All the characters were played, consecutively or simultaneously, by both actors and singers. At times the instrumentalists also, in costume, came down from their place to join the action on the stage.

Ravier himself sometimes had to mix in the antics on the stage just so he could be somewhat visible to his musicians. The whole production, in the hands of Georges Peyrou, had a simple directness without the usual pomp and circumstance of the country musical, and without being constantly aware of the complexity of the staging. The humor was earthy and funny and the cast seemed to be at

A scene from "Le Jeu de Robin et Marion," directed by Charles Ravier, staged by Georges Peyrou.

home in speaking and singing the old French of the text.

Willing Spectators

Thus the audience, close to the stage and virtually surrounding it in the 14th-century Cloître des Carmes, was in the mood to be drawn into the action when the cast began to do just that. At one point, fawning rustic began pitching chunks of bread and roast chicken into the audience, which clamored for more. The actors also pulled willing spectators into their grand final farcical, and the musical game ended with more of the spectators on stage than in their seats.

At Avignon, such things are not done in the interest of anti-quarianism. One of the prime efforts of experimental theater,

including musical theater, is toward breaking down barriers between different categories of performers, and between the performers and the audience. It happened here, without the didacticism, theorizing and archness that, alas, are stumbling blocks for many experimenters who reach out to grab the audience rather than touch it.

The festival's major musical effort was an attempt to apply the oratorio form to political utterances, instead of the usual religious ones. "On Contre Tous," which had its first performance in the Palais des Papes courtyard on Sunday, has a text drawn by Roger Pillaudin from speeches by Victor Hugo delivered around 1850, just before he was banished from the France of Napoleon III.

Hugo's attacks on injustice and other speech excerpts were grouped into four movements, according to subject matter, and delivered with resonant conviction by Gabriel Monnet and, for some unclear reason, a second speaker, Pierre Rousseau.

The Score

But Ivo Malec's score, while employing a wide range of sonic effects for both orchestra and mobile chorus, did not seem to go much beyond stylized background sound and percussive interjections that added little to the text's own impact. Daniel Chabrun was the energetic conductor.

At any rate, the subject matter of "On Contre Tous" was clearly conveyed to the audience, which cannot very easily be said for

an attempt by the Pomme Verte company of Sartouville to translate Lewis Carroll's "The Hunting of the Snark" into musical theater. The gap between Carroll's humor and a largely French audience is great enough without having to deal with the extreme vocal ranges of Michel Puig's score that made most of the text incomprehensible, a handicap Catherine Dasté's staging could not overcome.

But there was plenty of laughter on part of another program, in which Polo de Haas played several of Erik Satie's piano pieces with just the right touch, both of ironic humor and on the keyboard. He was joined by the mezzo-soprano Anna Ringart, who performed the same service for a group of Satie's songs.

American Art: Spending a Day
Around Rockland, Maine

By John Canaday

NEW YORK (UPI)—I spent a day last week in and around Rockland, Maine, at the invitation of the William A. Farnsworth Library and Art Museum. The immediate attraction was the museum's Edward Hopper exhibition, which turned into the first half of a double-header when I learned that the Olson house, where the late Christina Olson of Andrew Wyeth's "Christina's World" spent her life, was only 15 miles away.

Thus I saw not only an excellent Hopper show but what struck me (for special reasons) as the best Wyeth show of the many there have been lately.

The Farnsworth Museum, which came into being when an elderly Rockland spinster named Lucy Farnsworth died in 1935 and left her fortune to found a memorial to her father, is most familiar to museum-goers as a lender. Its very small collection ranges from local memorabilia to exceptional examples of 19th-century American painting that have been spending a lot of time on the road since the appreciative revival of interest in the field.

With a strong local bias, the museum has followed an informal policy by which it reflects the solid, down-to-earth Maine temperament that has attracted such artists as Winslow Homer, Edward Hopper and, as the current star, Andrew Wyeth, whose work the museum avidly collects.

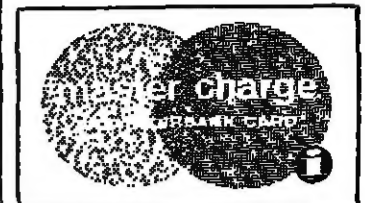
Hopper Show

The Farnsworth's Hopper show is a miniature compared with the New York retrospective of a few years ago. It includes 17 oils, 19 watercolors, and ten etchings, almost all of them quite familiar. Apparently they were selected to give an abbreviated summary of

I have never agreed with those people who call Andrew Wyeth a painter of loneliness, and suspect that his reputation in that respect has been generated by the popularity of "Christina's World," the painting in which the crippled woman in the foreground looks away from us to the horizon where her house rises in stark isolation.

Olson House

"Christina's World" was painted in 1944 when Wyeth was only 31 years old, and he continued to paint Christina Olson and her house until her death in January, 1968, at the age of 74. Her house is a stark and lovely piece of Americana, and I think it contains the best Wyeth show I have ever seen. I have always felt that this artist's work suffers in big exhibitions. It needs more culling than the big shows give it, so as not to belie the quality of rustic peacefulness of his work. Few of the 60 drawings and sketches in the Olson house have been in the big shows except some preparatory drawings for "Christina's World." All are concerned with Miss Olson or her house, and they have a veracity and poignance that is often painted out of the final pictures.

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THE MARKET: Cleaning Out the Attic for the Sake of 'Art'

By Souren Melikian

LONDON (UPI)—Dubs of the kind that used to rot in attics are now finding a new market. The point was proven by a sale at Sotheby's last week in which works by 18th, 19th and 20th century artists (the word "artist" may be an overstatement in many cases) were sold.

The sale was typical of a British auction in this category. The catalogue listed 360 lots, most of them British with a small contingent of German, Flemish and Italian works. Most of the names would mean little to nonspecialists. There were portraits, landscapes, still-lives and seascapes in all the styles that were practiced between 1750 and 1800. The crowd was made up mostly of dealers. In short, there was nothing to create an atmosphere of excitement, and it is against this background that the prices should be examined.

They were high from the start and never seemed to flag. A landscape scene by Harry Fennell (Lot 1) was as conventional as the title, "Evening on the Thames." The composition anticipated the present-day picture postcard tradition except that the colors were rather dull. It sold for \$50. Next came an atrociously sentimental, "The Wanderer's Children," signed with initials W. M. Mary Conner and dated 1815. The draftsmanship and the brush work were both clumsy. A happy buyer paid \$100 for it. Yet these two sales did not indicate that romanticism is in for a new wave of popularity, as the next lot proved. Nothing could have been less romantic than this "Standing Male Nude," 14 1/4 inches by 21 inches. The man was

shown in profile, hiding the strategic part of his anatomy with an absurd looking drape—a kind of third-rate imitation of the French painter David's studies in the neoclassical taste. The price was \$240.

Was the price determined by the signature? Apparently not, because, although Etty's name is reasonably familiar to connoisseurs, that of Davina P. Brown, who painted a still-life showing sweet peas in a vase, has hardly made headlines. Yet her work (Lot 7) earned \$30.

As the auction went on, it became apparent that to make a good price at that sale, a picture required two qualities: The subject had to be easily identifiable and correspond to the categories of the Victorian tradition.

For example, "A Mill Farm," by David Bates, signed and dated 1894, fetched \$170 in spite of its dull colors. A seascape which was sold immediately afterward, dated 1872, made only \$80 although it was far more interesting. The painter, J. F. Danby, to whom it was ascribed, had called it "A Shipwreck in a Rocky Cove at Sunset," but he had been mostly interested in painting a view of the Fales of Etrechet, that part of the Norman coast which obsessed the impressionists, particularly Claude Monet. This was apparently not identified by Sotheby's expert. Even more interesting than the subject matter was the treatment of the picture. It came very close to the impressionist style and yet was not merely imitative.

The brush strokes were broader than those of Monet, the palette much stronger with something of Turner's shades of red and pink in the sunset. If David Bates's piece was worth

\$170 at this sale, then surely this work should have gone for \$200 or \$300—not a petty \$80. It also should have fared better than the following lot—some hideous sheep lying in the grass by Charles Jones—which sold for \$55.

A few other good pictures, out of tune with the rest of the sale, also went for moderate prices. I particularly liked a work showing two kingfishers perched on branches, their bright colors contrasting with a dark landscape, composed as if the painter had been sitting high up in the trees. It was ascribed to the English school of the 18th century and painted with consummate skill. At \$55, I thought it was a gift.

Buyers were obviously after a very different type of work, British or foreign. A seascape by the Dutch neoclassical painter Louis Verboeckhoven was knocked down for \$500. And an absolute Lonsotry, described by the catalogue as "a portrait of a singer" of the French school and which no tourist would buy for \$20 at the Flea Market, got a bid of \$500 because it kept in line with the obvious conventions of the 1890s and 1890s.

The sale confirmed a trend which has made itself felt in London for the past year and, to a lesser extent, in Paris.

One of the obvious explanations could be that the shortage of better works of art has induced buyers to shift their attention to the lesser categories. But I don't accept this reasoning. A collector who is longing for an impressionist work may have to suppress his desire for financial reasons, but he would not fall back on Bates as a substitute. And speculation does not really account for what is apparently a new craze. For speculation purposes, art must be glamorous and must bear well-known signatures.

There are reasons of a subtler kind. First, there is a new feeling for kitsch, a mixture of the obvious and conventional vulgarity. There is a wonderful alibi for artistic weakness which can be seen as a kind of moving naïveté. Secondly, a kind of reaction has set in among people who used to want nothing but ultra-modern décor. Now, more or less consciously, they are favoring objects which suggest the past. The trend is particularly strong among Anglo-Saxon decorators. They don't want low-priced masterpieces but the "usual" much as the tired worker, after a hard day's work, wants his pint at the local pub. And last week they got loads of it.

London Theater: The Rush for Tourists

By John Walker

LONDON, Aug. 6 (UPI)—There has been a great rush of plays to the stage, as managements set out to make the most of the tourist season. Two of the five that have opened in the past week are designed to do more than lull in their tourist and somnolent sight-seers at the end of the day, which gives them, I suppose, an above-average level of interest.

Most impressive is Jonathan Miller's production of George Bernard Shaw's "Danton's Death," at the National Theatre at the New Theatre. It is an astonishingly well-timed production, by a man who died at the age of 52, examining the French Revolution and its use of terror and the temperamental conflict between the worldly, sensual, life-loving Danton and the rigid and fanatically violent Robespierre—two of them not so much at the mercy of each other but of his-

torical forces that they are unable to control.

It is this puppet-like aspect that Miller uses to give an overall unity and control to the sometimes unwieldy play, a concept beautifully realized in Patrick Robinson's settings, the most powerfully effective sets that I have ever experienced. The set is a work of art, a background of scaffolding of boxes containing shadowy life-size headless dolls, like exhibits in some gruesome toy museum. This controlling mechanical approach has not robbed the characters of their humanity and individuality.

If the play is less effective than it might have been, the fault lies partly with Christopher Plummer's performance as Danton, the worn-out revolutionary, weary of the struggle and sick at the continuing slaughter. Plummer plays the role in the style of a very great actor, which is something he is not. This is not to say that he is not effective—he is—but he does not give the performance he seems to imagine that he is giving, and the result creates some unease. There are, however, excellent performances from Charles Kay as Robespierre—upright and fanatical—and from Ronald Pickup as the malicious St. Just. It is a classic production of a classic play.

At the Haymarket, Alec Guinness is giving a splendid performance in "A Voyage Round My Father," John Mortimer's delightful and unashamedly autobiographical play, a filial tribute to his blind father, which was performed at Greenwich. Since then, Mortimer has rewritten the play, emphasizing the comedy, and it has been recast and redirected. Along the way, it has lost some of its elegiac quality and the final scene of the father's death is not so moving. But it has gained in warmth.

In the original production, Mark Dignam was memorable as the father, a man who dealt with the problem of his blindness by ignoring it and who tried to provoke argument by such remarks as, "Nothing narrows the mind more than foreign travel. To see the world, stay at home." Sir Alec plays more for the laughs and, it occasionally overworking such mannerisms as a throaty

chuckle, is always a joy to see and hear. The play remains a funny, gentle, moving, civilized, and civilizing entertainment.

I wish it were possible to be as welcoming about the return to the stage of another great actor, Michael Redgrave, in "The Old Boys" at the Marmalade Theatre. William Trevor has adapted the play from his eight-year-old novel about that curious British middle-class characteristic, the persistence of the schoolboy mentality, and the nostalgia that makes adolescent success far more important than anything that happens in adult life. The rivalries of youth are here continued 50 years on as the old boys of the school meet to elect a new president of their association.

Unfortunately, as Jarrah, the old boy whose longing for the position is thwarted, Sir Michael fumbles not only for the character but for his lines. The whole company is affected by his uncertainty, as they stand for cues that do not come or try to fill sudden and unexpected silences. It is a great pity, for Sir Michael occasionally gives glimpses of the performance he still may give, a powerful delineation of a sad and pathetic man.

At the Roundhouse, there is "Pork," a play credited to Andy Warhol which is more in the manner of dramatized excerpts from his tape-recorded novel "A" than his far more interesting films. The posters outside warn of the play's "explicit sexual content" and "offensive language" but, despite the nudity and male public hair, it's innocent stuff, merely the polymorphous perversion of bored narcissistic children.

In form, it's a series of monologues eavesdropped by the Warholish B. Marlows, played in the master's deadpan manner by Anthony Zaneb. The dominant figure is Wayne Country's deep Southern drag queen, Vulva, which is the only performance to approach superstar quality.

It really is outsiders' entertainment, a pep show for those who might want to know what happens when Warhol and his coterie get together. The answer is nothing much, apart from Geri Miller's unusual ability to rotate

each of her breasts independently. Anthony J. Ingraisia directs with a deliberate disregard for the audience so that, unless you are seated in the center of the arena, your view of the action is almost totally blocked. It adds, I suppose, to the effect of eavesdropping on conversations in a restaurant. It would be fine if it were possible to move around the arena, go out for a drink, talk to your friends, and occasionally glance at the stage to see if everyone is still engaged in their self-regarding rituals.

There is a stage version of the British television success "The Avengers," a stylish thriller series, at the Prince of Wales. The panache of the original has given way to out-and-out hokum. The play begins with a death in the audience and soon corpses litter the stage as a gang of invisible leather-clad crypto-Lesbians try to take over the world before being defeated by the indomitable agent Steed and his unfaithful assistant Hannah Wild.

In its ridiculous way, it is almost enjoyable. But the special effects are done in a manner that insults the smallest intelligence—Steed comes on stage in a car, meant to be an elegant Bentley, that resembles something driven by crouching clowns. Simon Oates strikes the right note of flippancy as Steed. Kate O'Mara makes a stunning villainess, while Sue Lloyd as Hannah Wild bares her navel prettily even if she sounds as if she's been taking too many elocution lessons.

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اسماء

Where to send them to school? The Education Directory is a regular feature of the International Herald Tribune.

PEANUTS

WELL, SIR, I GUESS IT'S TIME TO SAY GOOD-BY... BEFORE WE GO, I WANT TO ASK YOU SOMETHING... HOW COME YOU'RE ALWAYS CALLING ME "SIR" WHEN I KEEP ASKING YOU NOT TO, HOH? DON'T YOU REALIZE HOW ANNOYING THAT CAN BE? NO, MA'AM!

B.C.

AND YOU WILL HAVE A LONG AND HEALTHY LIFE. PALMS READ RIGHT ON, BABY!

MAIL ABNER

OH, DATELESS—AH IS BREATHELESS! ACCORDING TO YORE PAPPY'S WILL—JUST 'ROUND THIS CORNER—

—IS TH' ACRE YO' OWN, WHICH IS SUPPOSED TO BE COVERED WIF GOLD—??

YOU OWN THIS ACRE? IT'S COVERED WITH OUR KIDS. WE LIVE NEXT DOOR—THEY'VE BEEN USING IT AS A PLAYGROUND! OUR NAME IS GOLD—P.J. GOLD—AND THIS IS THE MISSUS!!

BEETLEBAILEY

HEY! THAT WAS THE GENERAL! HE'S GOING TO PICK ME UP IN HIS CADDY AND TAKE ME OUT TO PLAY GOLF!

GENERAL HALPTRACK DOESN'T OWN A CADDY

OH-OH

MISS PEACH

KAMP KELLY GRIEVANCE COMMITTEE NOW IN SESSION

OKAY, IRA—WE ARE HERE TO HEAR YOU EXPRESS GRIEVANCES...

—BUT DON'T GET CARRIED AWAY AND START VOICING COMPLAINTS.

BUZ SAWYER

LADIES, YOU DON'T SEEM TO REALIZE THAT RUSHING RIVER CAN BE DANGEROUS! THERE ARE RAPIDS AHEAD AND NO WAY OUT OF THE CANYON FOR 60 MILES.

OH, DEAR!

I'M NOT SURE I CAN HANDLE MY OWN RAFT, LET ALONE YOURS TOO.

THEN WHAT SHALL WE DO?

I'LL PADDLE YOU BACK TO ELK FORD.

OH, NO! WE COULDN'T LET YOU PADDLE US BACK, YOU'VE ALREADY BEEN TOO KIND.

YES, WE CAN PADDLE BACK OURSELVES.

WIZARD OF ID

I'D LIKE TO PURCHASE A HEARING AID.

VERY WELL, IS IT FOR YOU OR A FRIEND?

I'D LIKE TO PURCHASE A HEARING AID.

SOMETHING TELLS ME I'M GOING TO HAVE TROUBLE WITH THE PRICE.

REX MORGAN M.D.

YES—AND WE'RE THROUGH IN RECORD TIME! IT'S ONLY SIX O'CLOCK!

WAS MR. BECK MY LAST APPOINTMENT FOR THE AFTERNOON, JUNE 7?

THAT'LL GIVE ME JUST ENOUGH TIME TO GO HOME AND CHANGE! I'M TAKING HELP! OUT TO DINNER THIS EVENING!

HOW I UNDERSTAND WHY BRICE SAID YOU'RE GIVING HIM COMPETITION!

THE TRUTH IS THAT HEIDI IS VERY UPSET WITH BRICE AND WANTS TO DISCUSS IT WITH ME! I MAY HAVE TO SIT DOWN AND HAVE A TALK WITH BRICE.

IT JUST DOESN'T SEEM LIKE HIM! HE'S BASICALLY A VERY THOUGHTFUL PERSON!

P.O.C.

YES, POCO, THE DOG IS EVER ALERT—ALERT AND ALARM!

GIVE AN EAR, NUGLASH.

READY FOR ACTION AT ANY MOMENT—AT ANY WAY OF LIFE TREASURED BY ALL.

WORDS OF WISDOM, POZI, MY SON—GO GET HIS AUTO-GRAFT.

THAT'S WHY HE NOBLE DOGS IS FRIEND—HANA—NUGLASH, BUS?

RIP KIRBY

THERE ARE DEFINITELY NO BEETLES IN MY ZINNIA! IF THIS IS DESMOND'S IDEA OF A JOKE...

BEINDA WON'T BE GONE LONG, I DO HOPE GUNNY MAKES A FAVORABLE IMPRESSION QUICKLY ON YOUNG MERMAN...

WELL, IF YOU WON'T EAT A CANAPE, WILL YOU HOLD THE TRAY FOR A MOMENT, MR. MERMAN?

YUP, YES, MISS.

BLONDIE

BOY, THIS NEW HAIR TONIC I BOUGHT SURE SMELLS GOOD

WELL, AT LEAST I KNOW NOT TO BUY ANY MORE OF THAT STUFF!

DENNIS THE MENACE

BUT THERE'S ONE THING I LIKE ABOUT HER... HER MOTHER BUYS ROOT BEER BY THE GALLON!

JUMBLE that scrambled word game

Unscramble these four Jumbles, one letter to each square, to form four ordinary words.

SECEA

ISSAB

RUHLOY

INGELT

Now arrange the circled letters to form the surprise answer, as suggested by the above cartoon.

Print the SURPRISE ANSWER here

Yesterday's Jumble: OUTDO FOYER EMPIRE ABRUPT

Answer: This could show a complete lack of interest in REARRANGING THE BEDROOM—BOREDOM

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

OBSERVATIONS—By Henry V. Straka

ACROSS

1 Syrian city.
2 To French.
3 Vehicle.
4 Fair up.
14 British places of W.W.I.
19 Greek deity.
20 Roofing piece.
21 Salt.
22 Paine product.
23 Indian plant.
24 Mass. port.
26 West.
27 Playwright's version of a fight.
31 Bacon.
32 Force Lat.
33 Newspaper.
34 Radical.
35 Roman writer.
36 Brain.
37 "I want's there".
38 Flavored.
39 Bright bird.
40 Tangle.
41 Lovers' abbr.
42 W.W.II. treaty.
43 Blue glass.
44 Cool dust.
45 Ankle.
50 Trampers.
51 Bone leaves.
52 Stone.
53 Yoked.
54 Fertility.
55 Possible query of a zoo apc.

DOWN

1 Borders on.
2 River of Hades.
3 Eastern prince.
4 Naval.
5 Basic item.
6 Soreness.
7 Tucson suburb.
8 College figure.
9 Seyla's strait.
10 Gathered.
11 Spanish linen.
12 Sir Robert.
13 Indian of West.
14 The Red.
15 forbids these.
16 cry.
17 Deputies.
18 Sallinger gbl.
19 Louis name.
20 Pacific Island group.
21 Guinness, e.g.
22 Kind of breath.
23 Cows in N.E.
24 Three in one.
25 Piano-organ.
26 Tulle of force.
27 Separation.
28 Nail decor.
29 Korean Indian.
30 Kind of boat.
31 Roman name.
32 City near L.A.
33 Nihilism's pad.
34 Cotton-tails.
35 Lag behind.
36 over lightly.
37 Stage.
38 Small ones.
39 Suffice.
40 French year.
41 River to Elbe.
42 Testament.
43 Gurus.
44 Rises high.
45 Time periods.
46 Wind West.
47 Goes down.

BOOKS

THE HEROIC IDEAL IN AMERICAN LIFE

By Theodore L. Gross. Free Press. 305 pp. \$9.

Reviewed by Thomas Lask

IN our most meaningful writers from Emerson to Norman Mailer, says Theodore Gross, idealism warred against authority. There was a moral imperative in these men that ran counter to the accepted values of their society. He goes even further. What was best in their works derived from the tension set up between their impulse and the force from the outside. And conversely, where a writer did not oppose the habits of thought of his immediate culture, he produced no body of work of serious merit.

It's a proposition that may appear extreme, especially since for a large part he is dealing with a literature produced when all the elements that make for a buoyant and sanguine people still existed. Society was open-ended; escape to the frontier remained a heartening possibility; the riches of the earth lay everywhere for the gathering; egalitarianism was an accepted principle. Nonetheless the heroes of the major writers were men who ran against the grain, who were may sayers, who stood firm while the current ran around them.

No one set of judgments was shared by all. What troubled Melville obviously did not trouble Whitman. What made Fitzgerald despair did not move Hemingway. And they themselves were not always constant. Emerson in "Self-Reliance" and other early essays praised the worth of the single, solitary person. But later he began to find all sorts of virtues in the patrician qualities of selected men. It is a change subtly traced in Mr. Gross's essay on this writer.

The chapter on Hawthorne also shows two sides to the man. For he could have been characterized as one who refused to accept the easy categories of sin and guilt. And Dimmesdale in "The Scarlet Letter" would therefore appear as the embodiment of the conflict that is the theme of the book: that between idealism and authority. But there was another side to Hawthorne, one that was suspicious of the heroic ideal, that feared that heroism could easily slip over into the absurd.

Whitman's way of facing up to his time was simply to reassert what everyone was supposed to take for granted: That authority rests ultimately on the common man. It was an utterance so simple and fundamental that it seemed almost revolutionary. This idea, together with new poetic forms, made "Leaves of Grass" a puzzle to his contemporaries.

For the obverse side of his argument the author turns to the South, where, he contends, no work of any stature was produced up to the time of William Faulkner. He blames this dearth on the fact that Southern writers worked in a genteel and unexamined tradition. Characters were placed in a dream world. They were full of attitudes but devoid of humanity. It was a never-never world. Southerners wanted to believe existed. After the Civil War, writers again, and he uses Thomas Nelson Page as an example, refused to face up to the

present. Instead they turned back to the past, now rosy-hued with time. In a sense, Negro writers shared this attitude in that they stressed through autobiography the success stories, the stories of the men who got away rather than those who remained. But changes were rung in with the writers of the Awakening—Jean Toomer, Claude McKay, Countee Cullen, James Weldon Johnson and others—changes exploited by the black writers of the 1930s and later: Richard Wright, Ralph Ellison, James Baldwin. The final pages survey the work of Hemingway and Fitzgerald and, in our own time, that of Bellow, J. D. Salinger and Norman Mailer.

It's a provocative book that keeps forcing the reader out of settled positions, but obviously it's not one that will go unchallenged in broad concept or in emphasis. It seemed to me, for example, that Melville's earliest books were unfairly slighted. To say that Redburn "experiences disillusionment" but a kind of literary "romantic disillusionment" is to undervalue one of Melville's key experiences: what he said and felt in Liverpool. The split in "Redburn" between the boy who lives and the man who comments is one of the signs of Melville's growth. For, as has been pointed out, he was an amateur as a writer, and he was beginning to see that there could be something more to his art than the painting of exotic landscapes. Melville was one New England writer who had occasion to test his inherited beliefs pragmatically.

In dealing with the lack of social Emerson has to us today more stress should have been laid, I think, on the way his doctrine was turned to support the economic piracy of the post-Civil War period. And surely in writing of Bellow, some mention has to be made of his Jewish literary heritage. It can be seen not only in his unwillingness to succumb to pessimism but also in the self-laceration and sufferings of his characters and in the relentlessly verbal form these sufferings take. Maurice Samuel's remark of Sholem Aleichem: "people that the world gets the better of them, but that they get the better of the argument," can be matched by Moses Herzog's statement, "I go after reality with language."

Finally, I wonder whether the enormous influence of Hemingway was due to the work of the man. Many imitated Hemingway not because they wanted to write like him but to be like him. Hemingway made the writer respectable in America. Writing may have been a frivolous activity. But catching tuna was not. And certainly fighting bull, hunting lions, reporting war, sleeping with women were not. The sentimentality ("You are a lost generation") was obscured by the muscle flexing. Mr. Gross gives Hemingway high marks for his comment on America. After the Nick Adams stories, when America was Hemingway talking about?

Mr. Lask is a book reviewer for The New York Times.

Edited by WILL WENG

